(17)

A SONG.

I.

FAIR freedoms ſons with joy repair,
With glee your ſtandard join,
PULTENEY and HILL, make us their care,
Let's one and all combine
To ſtruggle for our liberty,
Let us be ſtanch and true,
And let the foes of Gallant HILL
Their baneful conduct rue.

II.

The noble conteſt is begun,
Then never be diſmay'd,
Let every SALOP's honeſt ſon
Aſſiſt with utmoſt aid;
May Corporations tyranny
At this time be cut down,
We ſhall be ever after free—
Freedom will ages crown.

III.

Go then my ſons, fair freedom cries,
And never once deſpair
Freedom will ſtruggle till ſhe dies,
She makes her ſons her care.
Go Worthy HILL, thy ſeat reſume,
And let the Strippling know,
His fame and fortune he'll conſume
But up he ne'er will go.

IV.

Paſt ſervices we'll not forget,
Let us remember well
The overthrow of Brickdale's Set
Who would us buy and ſell.
Then toaſt a Health to both the men
We will ſafely ſend them up again.

V.

May ſtricteſt honeſty prevail
Among the truſty crew,
May no one Burgeſs 'ere turn tail
But all be juſt and true.
We will make the Air with joy reſound,
Whilſt we in chorus ſing
PULTENEY and HILL, their foes confound
And GOD ſave the KING.